

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Cowper.



"WAL, I GUESS YOU'RE GITTING ALONG CONSIDERABLE SMART," SAID THE AMERICAN.

## CEDAR CREEK;

FROM THE SHANTY TO THE SETTLEMENT.

A TALE OF CANADIAN LIFE.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE YANKEE STOREKEEPER.

THREE men stood with their axes amid the primeval forest. Vast trunks rose around them to an altitude of thirty or even fifty feet without a bough; above, "a boundless contiguity of shade," and below, a

dense undergrowth of shrubs, which seemed in some places impenetrable jungle. Three axes against thirty thousand trees. The odds were immensely in the dryads' favour; the pines and hardwoods might have laughed in every leaf at the puny power threatening their immemorial empire, and settled that *vis inertiae* alone must overcome.

If, as Tennyson has bestowed upon the larkspur ears, the higher vegetation can listen also, the fol-

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

lowing conversation would that day have been heard from the triad of axemen beginning their campaign against the forest, and "bating no jot of heart or hope" in the contest.

"Here's the site for your shanty," said Mr. Holt, dealing a blow on a fine maple before him, which left a white scar along the bark. "It has the double advantage of being close to this fine spring creek, and sufficiently near the concession-line."

"And I'm sanguine enough to believe that there will be a view at some future period," added Robert, "when we have hewed through some hundred yards of solid timber in front. By the way, Holt, why are all the settlers' locations I have yet seen in the country, so destitute of wood about them? A man seems to think it is his duty to extirpate everything that grows higher than a pumpkin; one would imagine it ought to be easy enough to leave clumps of trees in picturesque spots, so as to produce the effect of the ornamental plantations at home. Now I do not mean exclusively the lowest grade of settlers, for of course from them so much taste was not to be expected; but gentlemen-farmers, and such like."

"I dare say they contract such an antipathy to wood of every species during their years of clearing, that it is thenceforth regarded as a natural enemy, to be cut down wherever met with. And when you have seen one of our Canadian hurricanes, you will understand why an umbrageous elm or a majestic oak near one's dwelling may not be always a source of pleasurable sensations."

"Still, I mean to spare that beautiful butternut yonder," said Robert; "of all trees in the forest it is prettiest. And I shall try to clear altogether in an artistic manner, with an eye to the principles of landscape gardening. Why, Holt! many an English *parvenu* planning the grounds of his country seat, and contemplating the dwarf larches and infantine beeches struggling for thirty years to maturity, would give a thousand guineas for some of these lordly oaks and walnuts, just as they stand."

Sam Holt refrained from expressing his conviction that, after a winter's chopping, Robert would retract his admiration for timber in any shape, and would value more highly a bald-looking stumpy acre prepared for fall wheat, than the most picturesque maple-clump, except so far as the latter boded sugar.

"To leave landscape gardening for after consideration," said he, with some slight irony, "let us apply ourselves at present to the shanty. I think, by working hard, we might have walls and roof up before dark. Twenty by twelve will probably be large enough for the present—eh, Robert?"

Oh yes, certainly; for the house was to be commenced so soon, that the shanty could be regarded only as a temporary shelter. Blessed, labour-lightening sanguineness of youth! that can bound over intermediate steps of toil, and accomplish in a few thoughts the work of months or years.

So Mr. Holt measured the above dimensions on the ground, choosing a spot where the trunks appeared something less massive than elsewhere, and set his auxiliaries to cut down all the trees within the oblong, and for a certain distance round;

arranging also that the logs should fall as near as might be to where they were wanted for the walls.

Now the settler's first-felled tree is to him like a school-boy's first Latin declension, or a lawyer's first brief—the pledge of ability, the earnest of future performances. Every success braces the nerves of mind, as well as the muscles of body. A victory over the woodland was embodied in that fallen maple. But Andy was so near getting smashed in the coming down of his tree, that Mr. Holt ordered him to lay by the axe, and bring his spade, to dig a hole in a certain spot within the oblong.

"An' it's mighty harmless that crathur 'ud be agin the wood," muttered the Irishman; "throth, the earth in this country is mostly timber. An' in the name of wondher what does he want wid a hole, barrin' we're to burrow like rabbits?"

But the others were too busy felling or chopping trees into lengths of log, to heed Andy's wonderment; and the novices were agreeably surprised to find how dexterous they became in the handling of the axe, after even a few hours' practice. Their spirits rose; for "nothing succeeds like success," saith the Frenchman.

"Now I'll give you a lesson in bass-wood troughs," said Mr. Holt. "This shanty of yours is to be roofed with a double layer of troughs, laid hollow to hollow; and we choose bass-wood because it is the easiest split and scooped. Shingle is another sort of roofing, and that must be on your house; but troughs are best for the shanty. See here; first split the log fair in the middle; then hollow the flat side with the adze."

Robert was practising his precepts busily, when he was almost startled by a strange nasal voice beside him.

"Considerable well for a beginner; but I guess you put a powerful deal too much strength in yer strokes yet, stranger."

The speaker was a tall lank man, with black hair to correspond, and lantern jaws; little cunning eyes, and a few scrubby patches of rusty stubble on chin and cheeks. Robert disliked him at once.

"Why didn't you stop at the 'Corner' yesterday? T'warn't neighbourly, to go on right away like that. But it all come, I reckon, of Britisher pride and impudence."

Robert looked at him full, and demanded, "Pray, who are you, sir?"

"Zack Hunting as keeps the store," replied the other. "I'm not ashamed neither of my name nor country, which is the U-nited States, under the glorious stars and stripes. I come up to help in raising the shanty, as I guessed you'd be at it to-day."

Young Wynn hardly knew what to reply to such an odd mixture of insolence and apparent kindness. The Yankee took the adze from his hand before he could speak, and set about hollowing troughs very rapidly.

"You chop, and I'll scoop, for a start. Now I guess you hain't been used to this sort of thing, when you was to hum? You needn't hardly tell, for white hands like yourn there ain't o' much use nohow in the bush. You must come down a peg,

I reckon, and let 'em blacken like other folks, and grow kinder hard, afore they'll take to the axe properly. How many acres do you intend to clear this winter?"

"As many as I can."

"Humph! you should blaze 'em off all round, and work 'em reglar. You han't more than a month's 'brushing' now. Air you married?"

"No," replied Robert, waxing fierce internally at this catechism. "Are you?" by way of retaliation.

"This twenty year. Raised most of our family in the States. The old woman's spry enough yet, as you'll see when you come to the 'Corner.'"

All this time Mr. Bunting was chewing tobacco, and discharging the fluid about with marvellous copiousness, at intervals. Robert thought his dried-up appearance capable of explanation. "What made you come to settle in the bush?" was his next question.

"Holt!" called out Robert, quite unable patiently to endure any further cross-examination; and he walked away through the trees to say to his friend—"There's an intolerable Yankee yonder, splitting troughs as fast as possible, but his tongue is more than I can bear."

"Leave him to me," answered Sam; "his labour is worth a little annoyance, anyhow: I'll fix him." But he quietly continued at his own work, notwithstanding, and kept Robert beside him.

Mr. Bunting speedily tired of manufacturing the basswood troughs alone, and sloped over to the group who were raising the walls of the shanty.

"Wal, I guess you're gitting along considerable smart," he observed, after a lengthened stare, which amused Arthur highly, for the concentration of inquisitiveness it betrayed. "Tain't an easy job for greenhorns nohow; but ye take to it kinder nateral, like the wood-duck to the pond." He chewed awhile, watching Sam's proceedings narrowly. "I guess this ain't yer fust time of notching logs, by a long chalk, stranger?"

"Perhaps so, perhaps not," was the reply. "Here, lend a hand with this stick, Mr. Bunting."

Zack took his hands from the pockets of his lean rusty trowsers, and helped to fit the log to its place, on the front wall; which, in a shanty, is always higher than the back, making a fall to the roof. Mr. Holt managed to keep the Yankee so closely employed during the next hour, that he took out of him the work of two, and utterly quenched his loquacity for the time being. "He shall earn his dinner, at all events," quoth Sam to himself.

"Wal, stranger, you air a close shave," said Zack, sitting down to rest, and fanning himself with a dirty brownish rag by way of handkerchief. "I hain't worked so hard at any 'bee' this twelve-month. You warn't born last week, I guess."

"I reckon not," replied Sam, receiving the compliment as conscious merit should. "But we're not half done, Mr. Bunting; and I'd like such a knowledgeable head as yours to help fix the troughs."

"Oil for oil, in this world," thought Robert.

"Throth, they'll build me up intirely," said Andy to himself; "an' sorra door to get out or in by,

only four walls an' a hole in the middle of the floor! Of all the quare houses that iver I see, this shanty bates them hollow. Masther Robert!" calling aloud, "I wonder have I dug deep enough?"

Come out here, and get dinner," was the response. "We'll see to-morrow."

"Tis asier said than done," remarked Andy, looking for a niche between the logs to put his foot in. "I hope this isn't the way we'll always have to be clamberin' into our house; but sorra other way do I see, barrin' the hole's to be a passage on dherground."

"You goose! the hole is to be a cellar, wherein to keep potatoes and pork," said his master, overhearing the tail of his soliloquy. Andy departed to his cookery enlightened.

Before the pan had done frizzling, whole rows of the ready-made troughs were laid along the roof, sloping from the upper wall-plate to the back, and Mr. Bunting had even begun to place the covering troughs, with either edge of the hollow curving into the centre of that underneath. Robert and Arthur were chinking the walls by driving pieces of wood into every crevice between the logs: moss and clay for a further stuffing must be afterwards found.

If the Yankee were quick at work, he fulfilled the other sequent of the adage likewise. His dinner was almost a sleight-of-hand performance. Arthur could hardly eat his own for concealed amusement at the gulf-like capacity of his mouth, and the astonishing rapidity with which the eatables vanished.

"While you'd be sayin' 'thrapstick,' he tucked in a quarter of a stone of praties and a couple of pound of rashers," said Andy afterwards. "Before the gentlemen was half done, he was picking his long yaller teeth wid a pin, an' discorsin' 'em as impident as if he was a gentleman himself, the spalpeen!"

All unwitting of the storm gathering in the person of the cook, Mr. Bunting did indulge in some free and easy reflection upon Britishers in general, and the present company in particular; also of the same cook's attendance during their meal.

"Now I guess we free-born Americans don't be above having our helps to eat with us: we ain't poor and proud, as that comes to. But I'll see ye brought down to it, or my name's not Zack Bunting. It tickles me to see aristocrats like ye at work—rael hard work, to take the consait out of ye; and if I was this feller," glancing at Andy, "I'd make tracks if ye didn't give me my rights, smart enough."

The glow in the Irish servant's eyes was not to be mistaken. "I guess I've riled you a bit," added the Yankee, wonderingly.

"An' what's my rights, sir, if yer honour would be plasin' to tell me?" asked Andy, with mock obsequiousness; "for I dono of a single one this minit, barrin' to do what my masther bids me."

"Because I calc'late you've been raised in them mean opinions, an' to think yerself not as good flesh an' blood as the aristocrats that keep you in bondage."

"Come now," interrupted Sam Holt, "you shut up, Mr. Bunting. It's no bondage to eat one's dinner afterwards; and he'll be twice as comfortable."

"That's thrue," said Andy; "I never yet could ate my bit in presence of the quality: so that's one right I'd forgive; and as for me—the likes of me—bein' as good blood as the Misther Wynns of Dunore, I'd as soon think the Yankee was himself."

With sovereign contempt, Andy turned his back on Mr. Bunting, and proceeded to cook his dinner.

"Wal, it's the first time I see a feller's dander riz, for tellin' him he's as good as another," remarked Zack, sauntering in the wake of the others towards the unfinished shanty. "I reckon it's almost time for me to make tracks to hum; the ole woman will be lookin' out. But I say, stranger! what air you goin' to do with that beaver meadow below on the creek? It's a choice slice of pasture, that."

"Cut the grass in summer," replied Sam Holt, tolerably sure of what was coming.

"I've as fine a red heifer," said the Yankee confidentially, "as ever was milked, and I'd let you have it, being a new comer, and not up to the ways of the country, very cheap." His little black eyes twinkled. "I'd like to drive a trade with you, I would; for she's a rael prime article."

"Thank you," said Mr. Holt, "but we don't contemplate dairy-farming as yet." Zack could not be rebuffed under half-a-dozen refusals. "Wal, if you won't trade, you'll be wantin' fixins from the store, an' I have most everythin' in stock. Some of my lads will be along to see you to-morrow, I reckon; and any whisky or tobacco you wanted they could bring; and if you chose to run a bill——"

Refused also, with thanks, as the magazines say to rejected contributions. This, then, was the purport of Mr. Bunting's visit: to gratify curiosity; to drive a trade; to estimate the new settlers' worldly wealth, in order to trust or not, as seemed prudent. While at dinner, he had taken a mental inventory and valuation of the boxes and bales about, submitting them to a closer examination where possible. At the time, Robert thought it simply an indulgence of inordinate curiosity, but the deeper motive of self-interest lay behind.

"In their own phrase, that fellow can see daylight," remarked Mr. Holt, as Zack's lean figure disappeared among the trees. "I never saw little eyes, set in a parenthesis of yellow crowsfeet at the corners, that did not betoken cunning."

#### CHAPTER XIV.—THE "CORNER."

SEVERAL days were employed in plastering all the crevices of the shanty with clay, cutting out a doorway and a single window in the front wall, and building a hearth and chimney. But when completed, and the goods and chattels moved in, quite a proud sense of proprietorship stole into the owner's heart.

As yet, this arduous bush-life had not ceased to be as it were a play; Sam Holt's cheery companionship took the edge off every hardship; and their youthful health and strength flourished under toil.

"Now, considering we are to be dependent on

ourselves for furniture, the best thing I can fashion in the first instance will be a work-bench," said Arthur, whose turn for carpentering was decided. "Little I ever thought that my childish tool-box was educating me for this."

"I think a door ought to be your first performance," suggested Robert. "Our mansion would be snugger with a door than a screen of hemlock brush."

"But I must go to the 'Corner' for boards, and that will take an entire day, the road is so vile. I can't see why I couldn't hew boards out of a pine myself, eh, Holt?"

"You want to try your hand at 'slabbing,' do you? I warn you that the labour is no joke, and the planks never look so neat as those from the saw-mill."

"We have flung 'looks' overboard long ago," replied Arthur. "Come, teach me, like a good fellow."

"Choose your tree as clean and straight in the grain as possible."

"And how am I to tell how its grain runs?" asked the pupil.

"Experiment is the only certainty; but if the tree be perfectly clear of knots for thirty or forty feet, and its larger limbs drooping downwards, so as to shelter the trunk in a measure from the influence of the sun, these are presumptions in favour of the grain running straight."

"What has the sun to do with it?"

"The grain of most trees naturally inclines to follow the annual course of the sun. Hence its windings, in great measure. Having selected and felled your pine, cut it across into logs of the length of plank you want."

"But you said something of experiment in deciding about the grain of the wood."

"Oh, by cutting out a piece and testing it with the axe, to see whether it splits fair. When you have the logs chopped, mark the ends with a bit of charcoal into the width of your planks: then slab them asunder with wedges."

"Holt, where did you pick up such a variety of knowledge as you have?"

"I picked up this item among the lumber-men. You must know I spent more than one long vacation in exploring the most out-of-the-way locations I could find. But I'd advise you to go to the saw-mill for your planks, though I do understand the theory of slabbing."

After due consideration—and as glass for the window was a want for which the forest could supply no substitute—it was agreed that all should take a half-holiday next day, and go down to the "Corner" to uncle Zack's store.

"Now that is settled," said Robert, with a little difficulty, "I wanted to say—that is, I've been thinking—that we are here in the wilderness, far away from all churches and good things of that kind, and we ought to have prayers of our own every evening, as my mother has at home."

"Certainly," said both Arthur and Sam Holt.

"I have never so felt the presence of God," added Robert, solemnly, "as since I've been in these forest solitudes; never so felt my utter dependence upon him for everything."



"No," rejoined Sam. "He seems to draw very near to the soul in the midst of these his grand works. The very stillness exalts one's heart towards him."

And so that good habit of family worship was commenced, inaugurating the shanty that very night. Andy Callaghan sat by and listened.

"Throth, but they're fine words," said he. "I wouldn't believe any one now, that that Book is bad to listen to."

"And at home you'd run away from the sight of it. How's that, Andy?" asked Mr. Wynn.

"It's asy explained, sir," replied the servant, looking droll. "Don't you see, I haven't his reverence at me elbow here, to turn me into a goat if I did anything contrary, or to toss me into purgatory the minit the breath is out of my poor body."

Thousands of Andy's countrymen find the same relief to their consciences as soon as they tread the free soil of Canada West.

Truly a primitive settlement was the "Corner." The dusk forest closed about its half dozen huts threateningly, as an army round a handful of invincibles. Stumps were everywhere that trees were not; one log-cabin was erected upon four, as it had been legs ready to walk away with the edifice. "Uncle Zack's" little store was the most important building in the place, next to the saw-mill on the stream.

"The situation must be unhealthy," said Robert; "here's marsh under my very feet. Why, there's a far better site for a town-plot on my land, Holt."

"Ay, and a better water-privilege too. Let me see what your energy does towards developing its resources, Robert."

They discovered one source of the storekeeper's prosperity in the enormous prices he exacted for the commonest articles. Necessity alone could have driven Arthur to pay what he did for the wretched little window of four panes to light the shanty. And uncle Zack had as much to say about the expense and difficulty of getting goods to a locality so remote, and as much sympathising with his purchaser because of the exorbitant cost, as if he were a philanthropist, seeking solely the convenience of his neighbours by his sales.

"That fellow's a master of soft sawder when he chooses: but did you see how he clutched the hard cash after all? My opinion is, he don't often get paid in the circulating medium," said Arthur.

"Of that you may be sure," rejoined Sam Holt; "currency here lies more in potash or flour, just as they have salt in Abyssinia. Society seems to be rather mixed at the 'Corner.' Yonder's a French Canadian, and here's an Indian."

No glorious red man, attired in savage finery of paint and feathers; no sculptor's ideal form, or novelist's heroic countenance; but a mild-looking person, in an old shooting-jacket and red flannel shirt, with a straw-hat shading his pale coppery complexion. He wield a tomahawk or march on a war trail! Never. And where was the grim taciturnity of his forefathers? He answered when spoken to, not in Mohawk, or Cherokee, or Delaware, but in nasal Yankeeified English; nay, he seemed weakly garrulous.

"There's another preconceived idea knocked on the head," said Arthur. "My glorious ideal Indian! you are fallen, never to rise."

## PEKIN—ITS VISITORS FROM THE FAR WEST.

### PART II.

PASSING by a Papal and a Portuguese embassy, we come to the first British, sent out under Lord Macartney, for some time Governor of Madras. He left Portsmouth in the autumn of 1792, reached Canton in the early summer of the year following, thence sailed to the Gulf of Pe-che-lee, and ascended the Peiho river towards Peking in yachts provided by the native authorities. So far so good. But the mandarins, cunningly enough, had flags attached to the vessels, displaying the inscription in large Chinese letters, "Ambassadors bearing tribute from the country of England," alluding to the valuable presents on board. The number of junks passing up and down the stream conveyed a high idea of the wealth and populousness of the country. "The approach of the embassy," wrote one of its members, "was an event of which the report spread rapidly among the neighbouring towns and villages. Several of these were visible from the barges upon the river. Crowds of men were assembled on the banks, some of whom waited a considerable time to see the procession pass; while the females, as shy as they were cautious, looked through gates, or peeped over walls, to enjoy the sight. A few, indeed, of the ancient dames almost dipped their little feet into the river, in order to get a nearer peep; but the younger part of the sex generally kept in the background. The strangers, on their part, were continually amused and gratified with a succession of new objects. The face of the country, the appearance of the people, presented in almost every instance something different from what offers to the view elsewhere." At Tong-Chou, above which the river is not navigable, except for boats, twelve miles from the capital, the party landed. The remainder of the journey was performed by some in palanquins, by others on horseback, and in small tilted carts without springs, under the escort of a guard armed with whips to keep off the crowd. Along the road, an unusually broad one, paved with large flat stones, and bordered on each side with willow trees of immense size, the sight-seers were numerous, the flagellations incessant, but very ineffective.

At this time the reigning sovereign was Kien-Long, upwards of eighty years of age, the last of the really able and prosperous rulers of the empire. He was now at his summer retreat in Tartary, and thither our ambassador was directed to proceed. Before starting, Mr. President of the Board of Rites, with several of the great pig-tailed grandees, brought up the affair of the ko-too, and endeavoured to convince him of the propriety and absolute necessity of the nine "downs" and "ups." But Lord Macartney had firmly resolved to decline the prostrations. During this further journey he passed the Great Wall, and exclaimed on seeing it, that it was certainly the most stupendous work of human

hands. According to a calculation made by Mr. Barrow, one of his suite, all the materials of all the dwellings of Great Britain, reckoning them at that period to amount to 1,800,000, and supposing them to average 2000 cubic feet of brickwork or masonry, would be barely equivalent to the bulk of the wall, without taking notice of its fortresses and towers. The rampart consists of an exterior of stone and brick, inlaid with earth, and is broad enough to allow of six horsemen riding abreast at the summit. It extends fifteen hundred miles from the sea to the western provinces, and is carried over high mountains, through deep valleys, and across rivers by means of arches. It is said to have been erected in five years by the enforced toil of every third labourer throughout the empire, and has stood upwards of two thousand years. The wall is now in many parts in a very dilapidated condition, and, when the strongest and best guarded, it entirely failed in its object—that of keeping out the erratic nations.

In spite of opposition, the ko-too was dispensed with, for Kien-Long was a sensible man, and the ambassador was firm; but great was the grief and consternation of the mandarins at the occurrence. The Celestial Empire had never before, in their view, suffered such an indignity, or would have been more scandalized by a wholesale cropping of their pig-tails. Probably, at the close of a long and successful reign, the emperor felt sufficiently assured of his own power and greatness to excuse the ceremony, while the *grandeues* consoled themselves with the secret resolve not to allow the omission to become a precedent. Hence, in the reign of his son and successor, whose authority was often shaken by insurrections, the external form was insisted on, and Lord Amherst retired without an audience. It was at dawn of day, under a magnificent tent in the park of Gehol, that Lord Macartney had an interview with the aged potentate. Gongs and trumpets announced his approach, in a palanquin carried by sixteen bearers, the number reserved for royalty. He was very plainly dressed, in a robe of brown silk, without an ornament upon his person except a large pearl in the front of his black velvet cap. Bending one knee, as he would have done to his own sovereign, the ambassador presented his credentials. He remained a week with the court, and witnessed the ceremonies observed on the occasion of the emperor's birthday, when an ode was sung in chorus, composed by some unnamed poet laureate, containing the stanza, "Bow down your heads, all ye dwellers on the earth; bow down your heads before the great Kien-Long;" an exhortation which the hearers literally obeyed. Though honourably received, the commercial advantages specially sought by the mission were not conceded, but a friendly letter was returned to the missive from George III. Lord Macartney reached Pekin on the 21st of August, 1793, and left on the 7th of October, after a stay of forty-seven days. A grand state carriage, and some admirable specimens of horology, were added to the odd stock of things contributed by the folly of the western nations to the aggrandisement of eastern imperialism, every one of them regarded in the light of tribute. Clocks, watches,

and carriages, have turned up uninjured and unused in the course of the rummage at Yuen-min-yuen, and have now a fair chance of a stowage in our national museum, or of the inglorious fate of being knocked down to the highest bidder.

Better late than never. So John Tyler must have thought, the United States president, when, at so late an epoch as 1844, he engaged in this profitless wooing of thankless and arrogant eastern magnates. Having indited a letter in the Chinese style, addressed to the court of Pekin, it was despatched by an envoy, named and described in it as "Caleb Cushing, one of the wise and learned men of this country." The "Brandywine" frigate safely conducted him and his suite to the Canton river. But there he was very peremptorily told that his proposed visit to the capital could on no account be permitted, as the country he represented had never yet sent tribute to the emperor, and was not, therefore, one of the vassal states of the empire. So Mr. Cushing had to remain at a humble distance, and put up with the impertinence. The same measure was meted to his successor, Mr. Everett. But in 1858 a minister extraordinary, Mr. Ward, managed to reach Pekin, and negotiate a treaty, when the Trans-Atlantic journals were not a little jubilant over the affair, as if, in deference to the Stars and Stripes, the ambassador had been instantly admitted to the presence of the emperor, and allowed to strike the bargain under his very nose. They were equally indignant when it began to be rumoured that he had travelled to the capital, stopped there, and returned, much in the condition of a prisoner of state, or a caged bird. All doubt upon the point has been unmistakably removed, since a little draft note in the vermilion pencil, therefore the emperor's autograph, found in the suburban palace, has told its tale.

"We have this day perused the reply of the American barbarians to the communication of Kweiliang and his colleagues.

"It shows that, in the matter of their presentation at court, nothing more can be done to bring them to reason. Besides, these barbarians, by their avowal that their respect for his Majesty the Emperor is the same as that they feel for their pih-li-si-tien teh (president), just place China on a par with the barbarians of the south and east, an arrogation of greatness which is simply ridiculous. The proposition of yesterday, that they should have an interview with the princes, need not either be entertained."

Thus this feather at least must be plucked from the cap of cousin Jonathan.

Circumstances have rapidly changed with reference to Pekin, and our ideas of its appearance have been largely corrected by the military events of the past year. It then had visitors from the far west in the persons of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, ambassadors extraordinary; Sir Hope Grant and General Montauban, commanders-in-chief, with twenty thousand British and ten thousand French soldiers at their heels, who asked no leave to march up to its walls, take possession of one of its gates, and send detachments through its streets; while

the emperor, instead of biding their coming, scampered off to the hills of Tartary. With amusing coolness the Chinese populace seem to have comported themselves at these proceedings. They were chiefly a curiosity-stricken mob, gazing with open eyes and mouths on the doings of their uninvited guests, while not a few drove a thriving trade in selling fruits and sweetmeats to the strangers, and some were good-natured enough to lend them a helping hand in planting their guns. Yet all this is very characteristic. At the time of the Tartar conquest, it is said that the Chinese consoled themselves under defeat by disputing on the merits of a flower-show, and thought more of a storm which might injure a favourite shrub than of the invasion of a province; while it was one of the articles of capitulation that the military, to whom the granaries, treasures, and entire cities were given up, should respect their parterres and gardens. However the recent treaty may be abided by, one thing is quite certain, that Peking is no longer the "forbidden city," and no more will the ko-to be proposed to Europeans.

#### THE LAKE AND THE RIVER.

I DWELT awhile beside a placid lake,  
And saw the skies reflected from afar.  
So calmly slept the waters, you might take  
Their bosom for a mirror, where each star  
Gleamed wildly beautiful. Then gave I praise  
To that soft, quiet solitude; and prayed,  
Enamoured with the scene of languid ease,  
"Oh, that my mind could be so tranquil made,  
Pure to its depths, without a wish to roam,  
Filled with the image of its heavenly home."

I watched those waters as they stole away,  
Into a brisk and rippling current turned;  
The trembling lights were broken by their play,  
And indistinctly on the surface burned.  
Visions of peace were fled. The busy wave  
Affrighted contemplation's timid eye;  
Yet was it thus the healthy streamlet gave  
To other lands fertility and joy.  
Then with a sigh the triumph I confessed  
Of virtuous action above dreamy rest.

n.

#### NUTHATCHES.

WHEN I was a boy, I lived in a house which had an old mulberry tree a few yards from the dining-room window. Its ragged bark, and, in several places, cracked decaying boughs, afforded shelter for a number of creeping insects. These, of course, were eagerly sought by various birds. There were always some tomfits prying and peeping about for such imperfectly concealed animals as their short soft bills could manage to pull out. But, besides these, we frequently noticed a pair of nuthatches, which not only chipped away lustily to lay bare covered dainties, but used the cracks in which to fix, as in a vice, the favourite food from which they have received their name. Whatever they ate, they liked nuts best.

Being generally considered shy birds, we were surprised at their venturing so near the house, and determined to return their confidence. At first we stuck nuts in crevices of the tree, and amused ourselves by watching these birds split them with their

chisel-like bills. Presently, however, finding that they grew more constant in their visits, we cracked the shells for them, and pinned the kernels to a flat place where a bough, right in view of the window, had been sawn off. They soon found this out, and, instead of hunting about all over the tree, would fly at once to the ready-spread table, and pitch into the nuts might and main.

Seeing their increasing confidence, we next nailed a piece of board, a foot square, to the top of a stake, which we then drove into the ground about half a yard from the window, and furnished it with nuts. Next day the birds came, and, finding their old table empty, began to look about, wondering what it meant. Presently they espied the fresh arrangement, and after a little hesitation would light on the board for a moment, chip a morsel off, and then wait to see whether any harm followed. Finding none, in a few days they came as readily to the board as they did in the first instance to the tree, and pegged away at the nuts, though two or three persons stood close by watching them through the window.

They soon got so tame as to superintend the process of setting out their breakfast, from the nearest boughs, hopping about within a few yards, in great anxiety, till the nuts were pinned down. They would leave any neighbouring tree directly they saw their friend come out of the house and approach the table with their morning meal. We always fed them at our own breakfast time. At last we tried whether they would take food from the hand, and threw them some. By this time they had grown so bold, that after a few days' trial they would catch the nuts thrown towards them—not, as I have seen it mentioned in some book of natural history, with the claw, but with the beak. They always darted down and caught the nut from beneath. They were now so tame as generally to remain in the neighbourhood of the mulberry tree, and fly towards us when we tapped on one of the branches—looking out sharp for a catch, which they very seldom missed.

It was very amusing to watch the jealousy with which they always drove the tomfits away from their feast. These poor little fellows soon found out that nuts without shells were nice eating, and were always ready, in case the tyrants were unpunctual at breakfast. If they were a minute behind time, three or four tomfits would peck away the instant the nuts were fastened down, eating as fast as they could during the precious interval; when, whack! down the nuthatch came among them, sending them off in a jiffy to watch him take his breakfast, while they made a pretence of examining the tree for small deer of their own. Not sharing the nuthatch's objections to the society of the tomfits, we contrived a plan by which they might eat without interruption. By stringing nuts on a strong piece of thread, and stretching it from the tree to the window-frame, we made them quite happy and independent. The nuthatch cannot feed without a strong grip for his claws; he then uses the weight of his whole body to give force to his blows, catching the chips as he strikes them off. The tomfit, however, hangs on, and nibbles away

gently, swallowing each morsel as he bites it into his mouth. The strung nuts were indeed nuts to him; he ate them thankfully, and topsy turvy, while the enraged nuthatch had no purchase for his foot, and consequently could not possess himself of a morsel; unlike the tomtit, he was unable to breakfast comfortably on a slack rope. However, they had neither of them reason to complain, for they were both fed as they liked.

We found this sociability on the part of the nuthatch not peculiar to those which frequented the mulberry tree; for some friends who lived a mile and a half off, on noticing a pair of them about the garden, soon found them appreciate the arrangement with the board. In their case, it was laid upon the window-sill, and the nuts sewn to it through gimlet holes. The board was no sooner set out than the two birds were down upon it, and hard at work. Nuthatches are always found in pairs—matrimony appearing to be a permanent institution in their society. Any one living in a wooded part of the country, where these birds are found, might easily thus tame a couple. Ours became so sociable, that they would often set up their short note when they saw one of us come out of the door of the house. However frequently fed, they always asked for more, carrying off and sticking in the trees about, for future contingencies, any pieces they did not feel inclined to eat on the spot.



Gilbert White, in his "Natural History of Selborne," has this brief notice of the nuthatch. "My countrymen talk much of a bird that makes a clatter with its bill against a dead bough, or some old pales,

calling it a jar-bird. I procured one to be shot in the very fact; it proved to be the *Sitta Europa* (nuthatch). Mr. Ray says the less spotted woodpecker does the same. This noise may be heard a furlong or more."

Yarrell, in his "History of British Birds" (vol. ii, p. 173), says, "The nuthatch is resident here all the year, approaching orchards and gardens in winter, but is not equally numerous in every district. By means of its powerful claws—for its tail feathers are not calculated to afford any support—it is able to climb with a short, quick step over the rough bark of trees, and apparently with equal ease in any direction. Our woodpeckers are occasionally seen to hop in climbing, but the nuthatch creeps or runs along so smoothly that its motions more resemble those of a mouse than those of a bird.

"The call of the nuthatch is a shrill single note, frequently repeated; and, like the other true climbers, it builds in holes of trees: if the external aperture is large, the nuthatch plasters up part of it with mud, and if the plastering is removed, the bird almost invariably renews it the first or second day. In reference to this habit of working with plaster, one of the names applied to this bird in France is *Pic-maçon*.

"The nuthatch makes a slight nest, or rather a collection of dead leaves, moss, bits of bark, and lays from five to seven eggs; these are nine lines in length and seven lines in breadth, white, with some pale red spots; the eggs are very much like those of the great tit, but the spots are generally less numerous and rather larger.

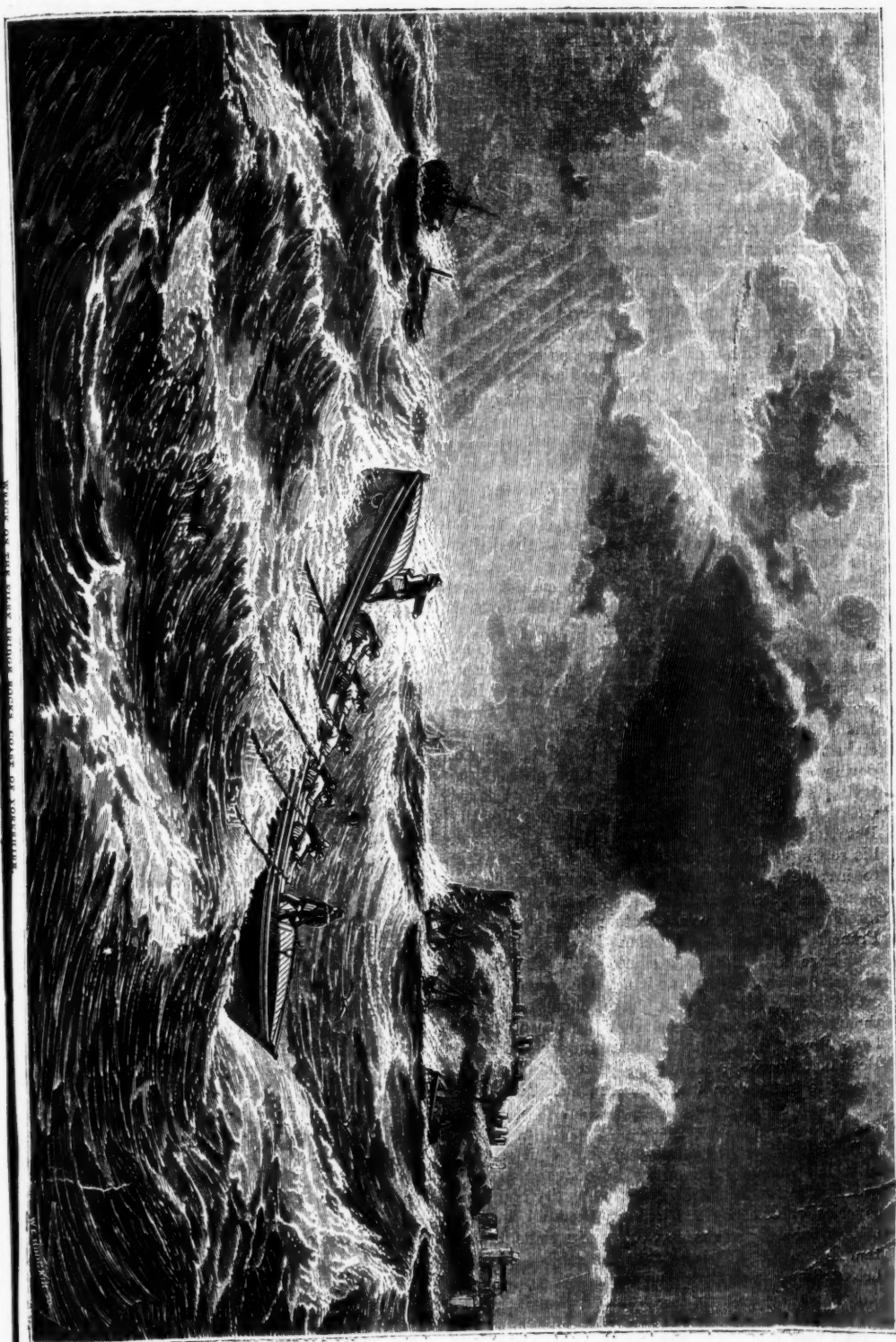
"In most of the wooded parts of England the nuthatch is found, but not often farther north than the Humber. It may occasionally be seen in Kensington Gardens. It is common in Central and Southern Europe."

#### LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

THE accompanying illustration of one of the life-boats of the National Life-boat Institution proceeding off to a wreck, is from a painting by Mr. Samuel Walters, an eminent marine artist of Bootle, near Liverpool. The vessel is supposed to have struck on the outer ridge of rocks called the Filey Bridge, on the Yorkshire coast. The raging sea, the wild and angry sky, and the rocky coast are depicted with a vigour and a truthfulness of delineation which serves to impress the fearful realities of such a scene vividly upon the mind; while the sight of the life-boat manned by her gallant crew, proceeding steadily in the face of the tempest, on her errand of mercy, conveys an idea of the ability of the life-boat service, and its claims upon the benevolent sympathies of the public.

In addition to 200 persons saved from a watery grave by the life-boats of the Institution during the past year, they also went off forty times in reply to signals of distress from vessels, which afterwards had either got out of danger, or had their crews rescued by other means. Life-boat crews also assembled in stormy weather on several occasions, both during the day and night, in order to be ready





for any emergency that might arise. For these valuable services, the total amount paid was £792. On occasions of service and quarterly exercise during the year, the life-boats were manned by upwards of 5000 persons. All the life-boat services took place in stormy weather, and frequently in the dark hour of the night. Surely, then, such an Institution, with 108 life-boats under its charge, devoted to such worthy and comprehensive purposes, need not appeal for pecuniary support in vain. Much has been done, but much yet remains to be done. Munificent donations from the wealthy few have poured in, in some cases the establishment of a perfect station having been presented; but it is from the contributions of the many, and the endowments of the humane, that such an establishment must derive its vitality and future power to keep up its immense life-saving fleet. We therefore trust that the National Life-boat Institution has only to be more generally known to be placed upon a more permanent and extended footing.—*Journal of the "National Life-boat Institution."*

## MEN I HAVE KNOWN.

CAPTAIN CROZIER.

It has now long been too certainly ascertained that Sir John Franklin and his companions died the death of the brave and patriotic, in the performance of their duties in the arctic seas. The devoted efforts of the widow have shed a halo around the name of Franklin, which will excite sympathy as well as admiration for ages to come. Nor did the character and conduct of the man himself tend less worthily to establish this high and lasting fame. His self-possession and calm courage, his patient endurance and noble faith, were tested in many a daring enterprise, and bore him through many a trying scene triumphantly, even to the final hour when the frozen north received his dying breath. But the chastened splendour which has glorified his setting sun has in a considerable degree tended to involve in cloud the parting lustre of his no less intrepid companions, and particularly of the foremost among them, the captain of the "Terror," Francis Rawdon Moira Crozier.

I have known almost every distinguished individual of that illustrious band, whose exploits in arctic and antarctic seas, have done honour to their country, even beyond what her other heroes have done in battle. I have known a Parry, Beaufort, Beechey; I have the yet remaining happiness to know a Sabine, a James Clark Ross,

"The first whose sole  
Stood on the north magnetic pole;"

a Beverley, fit representative of that civil service of which so many ornaments have struggled and perished in the ministrations of humanity and discoveries of science; and among them all I have met with hardly one more worthy of a niche in the temple of a grateful land, than the subject of this brief tribute, so richly gifted with

"That gentleness  
Which when it weds with manhood makes a man,"  
And I may observe, in passing, that this virtue, so

justly prized by the poet, has been pre-eminently conspicuous in the devoted circle of Arctic explorers, from chief to cabin-boy, engaged in duties from which dangers were never distant, nor hardships ever removed, nor life itself to be valued beyond the purchase of a few short hours.

Few of the oral descriptions I ever heard from these dreary regions affected me more than the simple narrative which Crozier once gave, of the morning meetings of the officers and men, when, helpless in the giant grasp of toppling glaciers and compress of icy winding sheet, they were borne they knew not whither, and gazed for a moment at each other, and through their minds darted the doubt if they would ever witness another break of day; but none ever whispered a word of fear, or suffered the spirit of despondency to shake their constant souls. No; they went to work with a will, and what prudence and energy could accomplish was steadily performed: the issue was in the disposal of a merciful and almighty God.

Captain Crozier was the son of Mr. Crozier, of Banbridge, in the county of Down, and at the age of fourteen entered the Royal Navy as a midshipman, in 1810. He was in the "Briton," in 1814, when that vessel visited Pitcairn's Island, and found it peopled by the descendants of Adams and the mutineers of the "Bounty," an event likely to make an almost romantic impression upon a fine young Irish sailor of eighteen years of age. In 1821 he was with Parry in the "Fury," and accompanied that excellent commander in other two of his four arctic voyages. After an arduous and hazardous winter voyage, under his gallant friend and messmate James Ross, across the Atlantic, to assist the whale-ships frozen up in Davis' Straits, he once more sailed with him as his second, on the famous expedition of the "Erebus" and "Terror," with the purpose of scientific research and geographical discovery in the antarctic regions. The important results of this voyage are familiar to the world; and it is no light thing to say that the great acknowledged abilities of a Ross were admirably aided by the kindred talents of a Crozier. Poor Weddell, in a trading vessel, had boldly shown the way; and it was reserved for these skilful and undaunted leaders to explore seas and shores, and to observe natural phenomena, new to science and new to mankind. In the requisite acquirements and experience they could not be surpassed; and it rests, in one instance, as a cherished remembrance, in the other as a saddened recollection, on my breast, that I lent my feeble hand to Crozier on the beach at Chatham, when he tested and adjusted the instruments for the voyage, on the accuracy and powers of which so much of its success depended, and his watchful superior on board took care and proved "All's Well!" Alas! I repeated the same fondly expectant pleasure on the soft green sward of Greenhithe, before he sailed with Franklin on their last disastrous enterprise in 1845! After the toils and waste of vital strength incident to such a service as that in the southern hemisphere, he might reasonably have pleaded the need of some repose, and indeed he declined the offered command of the arctic voyage, and only yielded to assume

the second post, in consequence of the "urgent solicitation of his friend, Sir John Franklin, who (as Sir James C. Ross relates) fully appreciated his noble character and skilful seamanship."

"There's a divinity doth shape our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will."

It was the will of God! This consideration must stop our lament and mitigate our sorrows for the terrible affliction which has befallen us; yet long, very long, shall tears unbidden flow over the tale of their hapless fate—

"Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,  
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots  
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,

\* \* \* \* \*  
Alas! no more shall he behold,  
Nor friends nor sacred home. On every nerve  
The deadly Winter seizes; shuts up sense;  
And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,  
Lays him along the snow a stiffened corse—  
Stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast."

It is a very melancholy because an unavailing regret, to believe that if, instead of endeavouring to reach succour by the Fish River and mainland of America, our perishing countrymen had sought the north in search of the whalers, all that remained might have been saved, by arriving on the shores of Lancaster Sound at the very time Sir James Ross was there with two ships to carry them safe to England.

I have but to add that Captain Crozier was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and, as its Obituary states, "distinguished by his zeal for the advancement of science, and for the exactness of his magnetic and other observations." Of his private or personal qualities I shall merely note that he was remarkable for great equanimity and uniform cheerfulness; and I conclude with the fine and touching testimony to his memory, by his faithful and warm-hearted friend Sir James Ross—the witness of his bearing under many a mortal struggle, the partaker in privations when a dead fox would be picked up as a luxury, and in perils where the scale of life quivered almost hopelessly on the agitated beam. "His unbending integrity and truthfulness invariably won the affection and respect of those he commanded, as well as the admiration and firm friendship of all those officers under whom he served. His firm and unwavering confidence in that Almighty Power, whose interposition had been so frequently manifested in his preservation through numberless dangers—where no other power could save—enabled him at all times to meet with calmness and firmness every impending danger;" and it is a very striking and impressive lesson to listen to the same authority, one who has passed unscathed through a similar ordeal of inconceivable vicissitudes, each threatening an instant wreck to nature, and who adds, "We doubt not that his Christian faith, always simple and sincere, was his comfort and source of peace in the last sad moments of his existence."

The manly and feeling memoir by Sir J. C. Ross, from which I have copied these passages, has been circulated to promote a subscription for a public memorial to be erected in Crozier's native town, as a tribute to his gallantry and heroic endurance; and from the names already recorded, there can be

no question of sufficient funds. But I would fain suggest that, while Ireland uprears this trophy, and links with it the name of the brave M'Clintock, there might be a spare or separate provision for England to place a modest memorial of some of her own arctic heroes beside Bellot's obelisk in front of Greenwich Hospital.

## A TRUE TALE OF SLAVERY.

CHAPTER VII.—CRUEL TREATMENT OF SLAVES—THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW—SLAVERY OPPOSED TO NATURAL RIGHTS AND TO CHRISTIANITY.

IN concluding this short statement of my experience of slavery, I beg the reader to remember that I am not writing of what I have heard, but of what I have seen, and of what I defy the world to prove false. There lived about two miles up a river emptying itself into the Albemarle Sound, a planter, whose name was Carabas. His plantation was called Pembroke. At his death his slaves were sold. I mention this because slaves seldom or ever have more than one name; their surname is most generally that of their first master. The person I am now about to allude to was known by the name of George Carabas. After the death of his own master, he was owned by Mr. Popelston: after that by young John Horton, who sold him to a negro trader.

George was chained in the gang with other slaves, and dragged from his wife and his friends. After a few days' travel on the road, by some means or other he made his escape, and returned back to that spot where he knew he could find one heart to feel for him, and in whom he could confide; but he had not been there long before the bloodthirsty negro-hunters got on his trail, one beautiful Sunday morning, about midsummer, while the church-bells were ringing. Four of the pursuers overtook poor George, and shot him dead.

"If he is outlawed," they doubtless argued, "we only need show his head, and the reward is ours; but if he is not outlawed, what then? Why, they may try to make us pay for him; but we will not be fools enough to say that we shot him, unless we are to be paid for shooting him." His body is put into a canoe, his head thrown in, which lies on his breast. These four southern gentlemen now return to the town, leaving the canoe to inquire how the advertisement reads. On finding that the reward was to be given to any one who would apprehend and confine him in any jail in the State, they saw that they could not publicly boast of their fiendish work.

Now, the question is, what had this man done that he should be so inhumanly butchered and beheaded? The crime that he had committed, and the only crime, was to leave the unnatural trader in slaves and the souls of men, to return to his natural and affectionate wife. Nothing is done to the murderers. They only made a blunder. Slaves are outlawed and shot with impunity, and the tyrant who shoots them is paid for it; but in this case George was not outlawed, so their trouble was all for nothing, and the glory only known to themselves.



Tom Hoskins was a slave belonging to James N—, the son of Dr. N—. This slave was found just out of the town, in the scrub. He was shot in the back, and must have been killed instantly. There was no pay for this—only a feast of blood. Tom's crime was running away from one whom I know to be an unmerciful tyrant. Another was shot, but not killed. There were three brothers, William, James, and Josiah N—. I know not which of the three this slave belonged to. They had been out that day with their bloodhounds hunting slaves. They shot Sirus a little before dark. By some means or other he made his escape from them, and reached Dr. S—'s shop soon after dark. He was taken in, and as many of the shots taken out of him as they could get at, and his wounds dressed. This being done, Dr. S— sent a despatch to Mr. C—, to let him know that the slave that they had shot had come in to him, and got his wounds dressed. As soon as they received this intelligence, they mounted their horses, and rode off in fiendish glee for town. They came up to the shop, hooting and yelling as if all Bedlam was coming. When they had reached the door, the first cry from them was, "Bring him out—finish him." The doctor came out and said to them, "Gentlemen, the negro has given himself up to me, and I will be responsible for his safe delivery to you as soon as he is able to be moved from hence; but at present he is not." Seeing that the doctor would not let them have him, they returned home.

The C—s were very rich; they owned a great many slaves, and shooting with them was common. They did not feel the loss of a slave or two; it was a common thing for them to offer fifty or a hundred dollars reward for a slave, dead or alive, so that there was satisfactory proof of his being killed.

Just at the back of the court-house and in front of the jail is a whipping post, where I have seen men and women stripped, and struck from fifteen to one hundred times and more. Some whose backs were cut to pieces were washed down with strong brine or brandy; this is done to increase pain. But the most cruel torture is backing; the hands are crossed and tied, then taken over the knee and pinned by running a stick between the arms and the legs, which tightens the skin and renders the slave as helpless as a child. The backing paddle is made of oak, about an inch and a quarter thick, and five by eight inches in the blade, with about twelve inches of a handle. The blade is full of small holes, which makes the punishment severer. I have seen the flesh like a steak. Slaves flogged in this way are unable to sit down for months.

I will give you but one case of flogging in detail; that will be of Agnes, the slave of Augustus M—. She was hired to John B—; she was some six months advanced in pregnancy at the time. Being in an unfit state for field labour, she could not do as much as other slaves. For this cause, B— tied her up and commenced whipping her. With my own hands have I dressed her back, and I solemnly declare that she had not a piece of skin left on it as wide as my finger. She was a hired slave. Had B— killed her at a single blow, her master could have punished B—, if he could have got white

witnesses to certify to that effect, which is not likely; but she might have died in an hour after being cut down, and there was no law to harm him. It would have been death caused by moderate correction, which North Carolina does not punish a slaveholder for.

I know that the picture I have drawn of slavery is a black one, and looks most unnatural; but here you have the State, the town, and the names of all the parties. One who has never felt the sting of slavery would naturally suppose that it was to the slaveholder's advantage to treat his slaves with kindness; but the more indulgent the master the more intelligent the slave; the more intelligent the slave, the nearer he approximates to a man; the nearer he approximates to a man, the more determined he is to be a free man; and to argue that the slaves are happy, or can be happy while in slavery, is to argue that they have been brutalized to that degree that they cannot be considered men. What better proof do you want in favour of universal freedom than can be given? You can find thousands of ignorant men who will lay down their lives for their liberty; can you find one intelligent man who would prefer slavery?

The last thing that remained to be done to complete this hell on earth was done in 1850, in passing the Fugitive Slave Law. There is not a State, a city, nor a town left as a refuge for the hunted slave; there is not a United States officer but what has sworn to act the part of the bloodhound in hunting me down, if I dare visit the land of Stars and Stripes, the home of the brave, and land of the free. Yet, according to the American declaration of independence, it is a self-evident truth that all men are created by their Maker free and equal, and endowed with certain inalienable rights—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Where are the coloured man's rights to-day in America? They once had rights allowed them. Yes, in the days that tried men's souls they had a right to bleed and die for the country; but their deeds are forgotten, their swords and bayonets have been beaten into chains and fetters to bind the limbs of their children. The first man that was seen to fall in the revolutionary struggle for liberty, was a coloured man; and I have seen one of his brethren, who had fled from his whips and chains, within sight of that monument erected to liberty, dragged from it into slavery, not by the slave-owners of the south, for they knew not of his being there, but by northern men.

I cannot agree with that statesman who said, "What the law makes property, is property." What is law, but the will of the people—a mirror to reflect a nation's character? Robbery is robbery; it matters not whether it is done by one man or a million, whether they were organized or disorganized; the principle is the same. No law, unless there be one that can change my nature, can make property of me. Freedom is as natural for man as the air he breathes, and he who robs him of his freedom is also guilty of murder; for he has robbed him of his natural existence. On this subject the Church and the State are alike. One will tell a lie, and the other will swear to it. The State says, "That which the law makes property is property."



The Church says that "organic sin is no sin at all;" both parties having reference to slavery. With a few exceptions, their politics and religion are alike oppressive, and rotten, and false. None but political tyrants would ever establish slavery, and none but religious hypocrites would ever support it. What says Matthew, 15th chapter, 8th and 9th verses: "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth, and honoureth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me. But in vain they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men."

What is to be hoped of a people like this? They are full of lies and hypocrisy. Give me liberty amidst savages, rather than slavery with such professed Christians. No man should hold unlimited power over his fellow-man. From the repeated abuses of this power, he becomes the most brutal of the human species; and the more he himself has been abused, the more eager he is to abuse others. But slavery is unnatural, and it requires unnatural means to support it. Everything droops that feels its sting. Hope grows dimmer and dimmer, until life becomes bitter and burdensome. At last death frees the slave from his chains, but his wrongs are forgotten. He was oppressed, robbed, and murdered. Better would it be for the slaves, if they must submit to slavery, if the immortal part of them were blotted out. But, since God has breathed undying life into the soul of man, rather let us blot that out of existence which stands between man and his rights, God and his laws, the world and its progress. The Christian religion, that binds heart to heart and hand to hand, and makes each and every man a brother, is at war with it; and shall we, whose very souls it has wrung out, be longer at peace. If possible, let us make those whom we have left behind feel that the ground they till is cursed with slavery, the air they breathe poisoned with its venom breath, and that which made life dear to them lost and gone.

In conclusion, let me say that the experience of the past, the present feeling, and above all this, the promise of God, assure me that the oppressor's rod shall be broken. But how it is to be done has been the question among our friends for years. After the prayers of twenty-five years, the slaves' chains are tighter than they were before, their escape more dangerous, and their cup of misery filled nearer its brim. Since I cannot forget that I was a slave, I will not forget those that are slaves. What I would have done for my liberty I am willing to do for theirs, whenever I can see them ready to fill a freeman's grave, rather than wear a tyrant's chain. The day must come; it will come. Human nature will be human nature; crush it as you may, it changes not; but woe to that country where the sun of liberty has to rise up out of a sea of blood. When I have thought of all that would pain the eye, sicken the heart, and make us turn our backs to the scene and weep, I then think of the oppressed struggling with their oppressors, and have a scene more horrible still. But I must drop this subject; I do not like to think of the past, nor look to the future, of wrongs like these.

## A REFUGE AT LATAKIA.

JUST about eleven years ago, I found myself one, amongst many thousands, fleeing for a refuge to Latakia, the town where it is thought necessary to-day to have a French ship of war's guns perpetually in readiness to quell the Moslem thirst for Christian blood, and subdue the flame of fanaticism; that very town was then a sanctuary to thousands of the Turk-detested Giaours. We fled from an enemy far more powerful, but hardly less cruel—that dreadful scourge, the cholera; and from all parts of the interior, and the seaboard within a hundred miles, families congregated here to escape the direful "yellow wind," as the Arabs call it. At the present day as many have fled from this very spot, or are subsisting there in a life of danger, through days fraught with as much peril and sinking at heart as ours were days of pleasant security and happiness. And yet the Moslems of Latakia were then just as fanatical as they are now. Not three months before this general panic had concentrated so many Christian families into one focus of comparative security, very narrowly did the Franks and Nazarenes escape being put to the sword. The occasion was one more than ordinarily provocative of Islam hatred and bigotry. An unhappy renegade Christian who had turned Turk, and then relapsed into Catholicism again—a Syrian Greek of Damascus—had fallen into the merciless hands of these Moslem bloodhounds, and was being paraded through the streets to the music of drums and hautboys, previous to being executed for that unpardonable crime with this people—the crime of recantation of the Islam faith. Fortunately it chanced to be a Sunday morning, and all the Christians of various denominations were congregated at their various churches, in the well and strongly built convents, for early mass. The alarm soon reached them that their houses had been broken or fired into; the massive doors of the convent were secured; the portly monks had ample ammunition and arms to furnish their congregations with weapons of defence, and, what was equally necessary, plenty of stores laid up for bodily sustenance. As for beds, nobody in Syria, during summer time, cares where or how he sleeps; and so, upon the whole, the Christian population contrived to keep the assailants at bay, until a well bribed Fellah had carried the intelligence of their dangerous position to Tripoli, and a French brig of war, then at anchor there, immediately proceeded to their succour: quietness was then restored to the town.

On the occasion of my visit, before alluded to, we had all, Jew, Gentile, Christian, and Turk, a common enemy—not to contend against, but to elude; and therefore most amicable relationships existed between all. Whenever the smouldering fire of fanaticism was inclined to burst out into a flame, it was speedily quenched again by the alarming tidings that reached the town from all quarters, of the terrible strides the scourge was making, and the devastation it was committing hourly. There was yet another motive for keeping the Turks civil and quiet. Never, since the days of their great great grandfathers, had there been such a prodigious

influx of wealthy strangers—never such a demand for house-room. Places that any one could have hired for three or four hundred piastres a-year, only a week or two before, were eagerly secured by refugees for as many thousand a month; and as Europeans at least are generally a hungry set, and must eat, the butcher, the baker, the greengrocer, and the fruiterer had glorious times of it. For, despite of cholera staring them in the face, these refugees felt periodical whisperings of nature to the effect that, *Il faut manger!* and eat they did with voracious appetites—everything excepting fish, and this they could not obtain, because the authorities would not allow any to be sold.

Our own party came to Latakia by sea, from that delightful Eden on earth, Suediah, near the mouth of the Orontes. Our armament consisted of five small native coasting boats, two of which were devoted exclusively to the ladies and females of the party; one carried the servants and the cooking utensils, etc.—in short, the commissariat boat; and the other two the gentlemen of the party, with the canteen establishment. The wind was dead against us the whole of the way, so that we had to row the entire distance; the boatmen, however, had plentiful respite, for we kept close in alongshore by the borders of the Gulf of Antioch, and every four hours called a halt of an hour or more duration, and then resumed our route again. Linked as it was with so fearful a motive for its being put into effect, I never in my life enjoyed so delightful a trip. The whole seaboard is replete with pleasant little sandy-beached nooks, or rocky caverns; and here and there, just under the shadow of Mount Cassius, the most romantic grottos are surrounded by the wildest conceivable scenery. Everywhere there was abundance of springs and rivulets, and plenty of shade, from stately trees that had braved more than a hundred years of wintry blasts. Wild cherries, too; jessamine, oleanders, and myrtles; red-legged partridges, and thrushes; and in the shallow clear water of many of the little rock-girt inlets or coves, shoals of delicious whitebait, which were easily secured by the simple process of stopping up the only entrance, not more than two yards wide, with an old tarpaulin, and then positively baling them up, bucketsful at a time, by wading after them into the clear stream, and ferreting them ever and anon from their hiding-places in the carpet of soft sand that formed a layer over the rocky surface of the basin. The elders of the party croaked like ravens about this reckless exposure to sun above and water under-foot; but the pleasant excitement was itself an antidote to every ill, and youth and exercise contributed much to keep off the fell destroyer's pestilential breath. Then, from the very water's edge, and under the shade of locust trees (whose sweet fruit the boatmen devoured eagerly), we shot partridges, and even hares, for our afternoon repast.

Thus we journeyed on leisurely by sea, never more than twenty yards off the beach, sometimes grating the abrupt rocky sides; and who can tell, that has not witnessed and experienced the like, how lovely, yet how lonesome and silent, were those

two nights at sea! On the morning of the third day, about 4 A.M., the Reis of our boat pointed out joyously what he pleased to term Latakia Light-house.

The entrance to the harbour is very narrow and abrupt, and on one of the rocky eminences rises a small old ruined castle, over which is suspended a lantern, with what might be a farthing rushlight inside of it, for all the light or good that it afforded. The stars and the glorious moon were our best pilot, and, the breeze setting in fair when close to the harbour, we glided into the anchorage, and secured the boats close alongside the Quarantine Wharf. There were perhaps half a dozen brigs and schooners at anchor within this inner harbour, which, if not choked up with filth and ruins, might easily afford accommodation for a fleet of vessels of a certain draught of water. But, Turk-like, the place has been neglected: ballast and rubbish are thrown into the harbour; and, were it not for the fierce gales of winter, when the sea oftentimes makes a clean breach over the lighthouse in question, and the retreating waves carry off accumulating shoals of filth, etc., the place long since would have become a stagnant pool, which even a sensible duck would disdain to frequent. Though not half the size, in shape it much resembles the old harbour at Marseilles, as also in the frightful stench it emits.

Great was our trouble when morning broke, and the Nazer of the Quarantine refused us permission to land. There is a language, however, all over the world which has a wonderful effect in softening official rigour—the tinkling of coin in the side-pockets. Our side-pockets were well lined with piastres, and the melody therefrom was irresistible. It stole so gently over the senses of Hadji Mahomet, that, almost unconsciously, he gave us a hand and helped us to land. Close to the water-side are two large Turkish coffee-houses, where, in summer time, under an awning, congregate sedate old Turks, to smoke and speculate upon the means and ways of annihilating every hatted stranger around. Here we had an early cup of *café au lait*, jumped into our saddles, and, passing one deserted tumble-down old street, and through a dilapidated gateway, (ornamented with dust heaps and garbage on either side, and guarded by more than half-starved curs) emerged into a pleasant open lane, hedged in with cactuses in full bloom, and so rode onwards and upwards amidst olive groves and fig-gardens towards the town of Latakia. The town itself is a most confused jumble of ancient and modern architecture, of wide streets, and lanes so narrow that scarcely can a loaded donkey pass through. The better class of houses, however, are very commodious and comfortable inside, the upper story running round three sides of a capacious open courtyard, which for the most part command a fine prospect of the sea. Thence have I oftentimes watched the fleet boats of the sponge-divers pursuing their precarious and dangerous calling; or, looking down into the yard beneath, have observed the process of tobacco packing on a gigantic scale. For is not this the land of the Abou Reah—the father of essences—the famed Latakia tobacco?

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## FRIENDS' FIRST-DAY SCHOOLS.

THE late Joseph Sturge did many a good work in his day, watching always for occasions of generous beneficence, and succouring with that kindness of heart which, so to speak, animate succour with a living spirit. In the year 1845, he was talking with a few young friends on the deplorable scenes observable in large towns on Sunday mornings: unwashed Laziness lounging in narrow streets; troops of boys making mischief with trees, hedgerows, and fences, or playing at "pitch and hustle" in the outskirts, and expressed a regret that Sunday Schools commonly turned their scholars adrift at the ripest age for folly and vice. Could not something be done to mitigate the evil? The question was not started in vain: the young friends present were willing to try; and the ways and means were considered. To favour the indispensable condition of early assemblage, Joseph Sturge promised to provide breakfast for all the teachers, and the "First-day School" was commenced. Difficulties had to be met and overcome, objections from clergymen and dissenting ministers, and especially the disfavour with which some of the Birmingham Friends regarded the undertaking: it was interfering too much with matters out of the Society, and partook too much of a secular character. The school has, however, outlived the objections, and has steadily flourished, having drawn to itself a body of excellent teachers, and eight hundred willing scholars of both sexes. Joseph Sturge's sympathy therewith never failed; once a month, if not oftener, he would join the teachers at their breakfast, cheering them by his own cheerfulness, encouraging them with words of wisdom, and remaining a glad spectator of their labours till the close of school. At his death, the teachers had arranged to defray the cost of the breakfast by a joint subscription, when certain relatives of the deceased notified their intention to continue the benefaction, and they also manifest their goodwill to the school, and affection for the departed, by occasional visits. Truly, Joseph Sturge's good work remains to testify of him.

One of the gratifying proofs of the usefulness of the school, and the appreciation in which it is held by those for whom it was commenced, is seen in the number constantly waiting for admission: the classes have been enlarged to the utmost, and new-comers must exercise patience. Birmingham attracts artisans and artificers from all parts of the realm, and from the continent, and the Germans who bring their skill as tin-smiths, or glass-engravers, to a better market than they find in Fatherland, show themselves among the readiest to enter the school. To learn to write, or to improve in spelling and penmanship, appear to be prime motives with those who seek admission; but very few are content to stop at these results; a new motive is awakened, and the greater number—as demonstrated by years of experience—remain in the school for the sake of the religious instruction. They hear brief, simple, and affectionate expositions of scripture, such as they can all understand, and little by little perceive a meaning in truth and goodness which they never suspected before. What the results are may be

seen in their diligent attendance at the school, in their behaviour one towards another, in their daily work, and in their homes. "If our teacher ain't ashamed to stop and shake hands with us, o' worky-days, and ask us how we are getting on, surely the least we can do is to be civil among ourselves:" such is the sentiment. And "when our teacher calls on us, he knocks at the door; don't come bouncin' in as if he was somebody; so let us knock where we calls." A man can hardly rise early on a Sunday morning, make himself clean, put on decent attire, and take ninety minutes of proper schooling, and be content to go back to a dirty home, or a dissolute companionship; and if he be a husband and father, as many of these scholars are, so much the more will he shrink from impropriety. Hence dwelling places have become homes in the best sense of the word; wives and sisters have joined the female school; and neighbourhoods have felt the beneficial influence of good example. One man, a shoemaker, inspired with a desire to impart somewhat of the good he had received, opened a school for outcast boys, and has made a hopeful impression on the hopeless.

I have had my eye on this Birmingham school for years, and have seen the scholars in their homes, and could not fail to observe an elevation of sentiment and well-to-do aspect, not always found among the working classes. A monthly meeting is held for social intercourse, to hear reports from the visitors, who have in the interval gone from house to house to express their sympathy with any of the number who may be sick or in trouble, and grant relief from the provident fund. Moreover, as appears by their last annual report, "classes have been formed for reading, grammar, geography, history, and arithmetic." Each class entertains itself now and then with a tea-meeting, and twice a-year the whole school, with wives and daughters and sisters, take tea together; and the men enjoy an annual trip in the summer, accompanied by their teachers. To most of them the beginning of the trips was the opening of a new pleasure, of a new sense of enjoyment, in the aspects of nature; and when, in their first, they looked round on the view from the Clent Hills, they were filled with wondering delight. In time, wider excursions were accomplished: to Lichfield, the Wrekin, Malvern, Bridgenorth, and Gloucester, whereby they saw glorious architecture as well as grand scenery. So year by year they will visit all the noteworthy scenes available for a day's pleasure, relying on themselves for payment of the expenses.

The success of the Birmingham school silenced the objections, and, as regards secularity, the conviction grew that it was better to receive the half-crowns and shillings, than to let the coins remain in the pockets of those who might be tempted to waste their money during the day. The example has been followed in other towns; "Friends' First-day Schools" have now become an institution, and they comprise 500 teachers and 5000 scholars. Better still; the desire to co-operate is spreading, and ere long every Quaker community will be helping in the work.—*White's "All round the Wrekin."*

## VARIETIES.

**RAGGED SCHOOLS IN SCOTLAND.**—In Edinburgh there are four ragged schools, while Leith possesses none; and the result in each case, as exhibited by the criminal returns, is most remarkable. During ten years, ending December, 1860, the commitments of juveniles under fourteen years of age from Edinburgh amounted to only 1·5 per cent. upon the total number of prisoners, while during the same period the commitments from Leith had been 4·8 per cent. In Aberdeen, upwards of 3000 children have attended the schools since their first establishment. Of that number, 600 have gone to situations, and have done well, and I have every reason to believe that there has been no misconduct on the part of the remainder. Juvenile vagrants have entirely disappeared, and the number of juvenile offenders has greatly decreased.—*Rev. Dr. Guthrie.*

**SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON AND DR. PARR.**—It was at Mr. Dugald Stewart's that Sir William met Dr. Parr, and, as I have heard it reported, astonished the colossal philologist by evincing a range and accuracy of scholarship not inferior to his own. The erudite doctor, probably in gracious condescension to the society in which he found himself, had at first discoursed of Greek philosophy, his knowledge of which was certainly extensive; but, finding he did not achieve any decided superiority in this chosen walk, betook himself to an obscurer field of learning, where he naturally expected to reign alone; he led the conversation towards the later and less known Latin poets, with their imitators at the revival of letters, and in still more recent times, but he soon discovered that even here his companion was at home; until at length, finding that, turn where he would, the young advocate before him could not only follow step by step, but was actually able to continue his quotations, and correct his references, his imperturbable superiority gave way, and he was startled into the sudden inquiry, "Why, who are you, then, sir?" The doctor did not forget Sir William Hamilton, nor lose the impression his extraordinary acquirements had made upon him.—*T. Spencer Baynes.*

**NEWSPAPERS IN PARIS.**—Paris possesses at present 503 newspapers; 42 of these, as treating of politics and national economy, have to deposit a security in the hands of Government; 460 are devoted to art, science, literature, industry, commerce, and agriculture. The most ancient of the latter is the "*Journal des Savans*," and dates from the year 1665.

**THE GREAT VICTORIA BRIDGE, CANADA.**—The whole of the iron work for the tubes was prepared at the Canada works, Birkenhead, where a map or plan of each tube was made, upon which was shown every plate, T bar, angle iron, keelson and cover plate in the tube, the position of each being stamped or marked upon it by a distinctive figure, letter, or character. As the works progressed at Birkenhead, every piece of iron, as it was punched and finished for shipment, was stamped with the identical mark corresponding with that on the plan; so that when erected in Canada, although each tube was composed of 4926 pieces, or 9852 for a pair, the workmen, being provided with the plan of the work, were enabled to complete the tube piece by piece with unerring certainty.

**LATAKEA.**—Maundrell, in his "*Journey*," refers to "the city Latichma, situate on a flat fruitful ground close by the sea; a city first built by Seleucus Nicator, and by him called, in honour of his mother, Loadicea, which name it retains, with a very little corruption of it, at this day. It was anciently a place of great magnificence; but in the general calamity which befel this country, it was reduced to a very low condition, and so remained for a long time; but of late years it has been encouraged to hold up its head again, and is rebuilt, and become one of the most flourishing places upon the coast." (1697).

**ANT STORES AND GRANARIES.**—Mr. John Conacher, of Alexandria, Dumbartonshire, has forwarded to us

the following remarks. "On reading," he says, "the article in '*The Leisure Hour*' (No. 468) on '*Poetical Zoology*,' memory called up a fact which may be of interest to you. For several years I was a resident in Turkey, and often when walking out on the roads and fields in summer, on the shores of the Bosphorus, I observed streams of ants hurrying in all directions to and from common centres. One day, through mere curiosity, I inserted my walking-stick into the opening to their cells, and laid several of these cells bare. Some of them contained grass-seeds, and one, about an inch in diameter, contained barley-corns, and not a seed else of any kind in that cell, though others beside it contained seeds. What struck me then was the entire separation of sorts insured. I tried to distinguish the other seeds, but could not, as I had broken down some of the partitions with my stick, and so mixed the seeds. There were three or four wheat corns among the seeds, which I had evidently mixed by the forcible entry. Feeling a pang of regret at the destruction I had made, and sorry to see the alarm and flurry of the ants, I did not further break up their cells, but closed the baked earth over them again. I believed then that the ant was in the habit of laying up corn as stores, and did not wonder so much at what I found as at the separate store-houses; otherwise I should have made further search, as the cells were numerous, with tunnels leading to them from the external opening, both lengthways and downwards. The number of corns in the barley-store were not less than seven, and I think not more than ten. I am perfectly certain they were barley. The wife of one of the missionaries was with me at the time, and I called her attention to the stores."—[Although the pupæ of ants have sometimes been mistaken for grains of corn in this country, there is no question about ants in warmer climates forming stores of food. Colonel Sykes has described an Indian species which stores up grass-seeds, as mentioned in our article on "*Poetical Zoology*." For remarks on the subject, see Kirby and Spence's "*Entomology*," 7th edit. p. 313; *Trans. of Entomological Society*, vol. i. p. 103, and vol. ii. p. 211.—*Ed. L. H.*]

**RETAIL SHOPS AND CO-OPERATIVE STORES.**—Our article entitled "*Operative Co-operation*," in No. 470, has excited considerable interest, if we may judge by the letters it has elicited. These are generally approving or inquiring; but we have one from a Rochdale shopkeeper, violently denouncing the co-operative system as carried on in that town. The letter is too long for insertion, but the following are its leading points. 1. The writer complains of the charges against shopkeepers on the ground of selling adulterated articles of food. He says he has been nearly half a century in business, and has never yet learned how to adulterate cheese, butter, sugar, or flour. If this is done, which he doubts, the blame rests with wholesale dealers, and co-operative stores are equally liable to the evil. 2. Some of the members of co-operative societies are in business on their own account, as tailors, shoemakers, cloggers, etc. As long as the union confines its dealings to general articles, all is considered right; but if the store offers for sale articles connected with their own special business, these members retire from the union with great indignation and clamour. 3. The writer considers it a cruel thing to make a rigid rule of giving no credit, mentioning cases where shopkeepers gladly give credit to the honest poor. 4. The Rochdale co-operative stores, while professing to sell cheap, really charge thirteen pence for a shilling's worth of goods almost in every article, in order to make a large-sounding but deceptive dividend for the concern. 5. These associations are founded entirely on selfish principles, without any concern for honest shopkeepers or sympathy for poor neighbours. It would not be difficult to answer each of these objections; but, having strongly advocated the formation of co-operative stores, it is only fair to allow "an aggrieved shopkeeper" to state his view of the case.